

THE LITERARY CROP.

The growing disinclination to a more intensive method of cultivating the literary crop is evident to all observers. The idea seems to be spreading that all that is necessary to produce great results is simply to scratch the surface. This unfortunate circumstance is one of the most serious features of the "literary situation." In addition to all this, it is generally known that for several seasons there has been a general scarcity of seed—no mean original literary ideas—over the whole field. It is a peculiarity of literary crop-culture that this does not in any way affect the quantity of the product. But it affects the quality immensely. Summing up, we should say that the "literary situation" was extremely discouraging to conservative investors. Unfortunately, the government issues no special estimates as to this important crop, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. It is therefore impossible to give its present condition in the usual percentage form. It is certainly lucky that the other crops of the country will be large enough to keep the balance of trade from turning heavily against us this year. If we were forced to rely on the literary crop for export purposes there is no telling what might happen.

There is no immediate danger of the space above the earth being overcrowded with airplanes. But apparently there are those who believe the time is at hand when "rules of the road" will be necessary in order to assure safety to aerial travelers. The first international congress on aerial navigation in session in Paris, began deliberations in the foreign office and was opened by no less a dignitary than the French minister of public works, who commended the purpose of the gathering, which is to promote international legislation looking to the outlining of rights in the air. No doubt it will be well to have rules and regulations, so that when men actually begin to fly for business, pleasure or war there will be no misunderstanding.

Archimedes, the famous ancient physicist and mathematician, is credited with the declaration that if he could be given a place to stand he would move the earth, that statement illustrating his conception of the possibilities of the lever principle. But according to an announcement from New York an investigator connected with the physics department of the city college has performed a feat rivaling if not exceeding the imaginary one of Archimedes. The New York investigator has completed a series of experiments by which he has ascertained the actual weight of the earth, which he places at 7,000,000,000,000 tons. Anyone inclined to dispute the correctness of these calculations has full liberty to figure out the matter for himself.

That the south is making extraordinary progress industrially is no secret. And the census shows that some states down that way are expanding in population at a corresponding rate. Alabama reports a total of 2,138,093, a gain of 16.9 per cent., and Florida a total of 751,139, an increase of 42.1 per cent., during the ten years from 1900 to 1910. The number of inhabitants is not large compared with that in some of the greater states, but the growth is exceptional. And Alabama and Florida typify the remarkable material development in the south.

Another proof that agriculture is not "played out" in New England. At the corn exposition in Worcester, Mass., a resident of that state was awarded the prize of \$500 for raising 105½ bushels of "crib dry, yellow flint corn" on one acre of land. This is a world's record, having never been beaten even on the fertile soil of the west or south. With such results possible, "abandoned farms" should be unheard of in New England.

A woman got a divorce the other day on the complaint that her husband was always silent. The court referred to the ground as a novelty. It would have been more unusual if a husband should seek divorce on the same ground.

When his engine went back on him, the other day, Aviator Hoxsey picked out a plowed field in which to fall from a height of 3,000 feet. The fact that he was merely stunned indicates an immediate need of more plowed fields.

A court has decided that a wife cannot collect damages from a husband who beats her. Our benighted law puts him in jail where she can't even get a look-in at his wags.

Kills Eagle Attacking Girls.

Aurora, Ill.—Days when big eagles carried off little children were recalled after Eva and Anna Brummell, little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Brummell, living near Eola, discovered one of the famous American birds making for them while they were driving the cows home. They ran screaming to their father, who took them to the house, got his shotgun and killed the eagle. The bird measured 8 ft. from tip to tip.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

The Physical Bigness of Uncle Sam



WASHINGTON.—How many Americans realize the huge bulk of the population of their country, in the same sense that coal is heavy or the hay crop is immense in cubic feet? Just as a matter of physical bigness, this is a great nation, not in possessions but in people.

If all of the inhabitants of the United States, grownups and children, were to lie down in a long line, one person's head touching the feet of the one in front, there would be about 75,000 miles of such a human chain.

If every American stood up to be counted in a long row of men, women and children, even if they stood so close together that they occupied only a foot and a half apiece, the file would be more than 25,000 miles long. It would girdle the earth at the equator.

Averaging the 93,000,000 people in the United States, young and old, adults and babies, at 100 pounds apiece, the American nation weighs 4,500,000 tons. That is enough to load 1,000 good-sized steamships with human freight, if it were piled in like coal or grain, with no regard whatever for space or air.

If the 93,000,000 Americans, babies included, drink, on the average, a pint of some liquid every day, which is an extremely modest estimate, the people of the United States consume about 45,000 tons of water, beer, milk, coffee, tea, etc., daily. The quantity may be twice as great, or even more. But 45,000 tons would load 900 freight

Expert Offers Criticism of the Army



THAT the United States army is inferior in military organization to the armies of every other large nation of the world is the sentiment of H. Lee Clotworthy, military expert, associate editor of the United States Infantry Journal, and formerly a captain in the army. He asserts that Uncle Sam's military department is inefficient as a fighting machine, and that any one of the big powers—notably Japan—could "whip the daylight out of us without half trying."

"There are 39 regiments of infantry in the army," he says, "but hardly any one of them has been mobilized together in order to give the men the proper training. They are scattered all over the country at various needless military posts. Consequently, both officers and men suffer for lack of adequate drill, and would be absolutely unprepared to fight an army of real soldiers."

"There are a great many needless military posts. Of course, it is necessary to keep men in the Philippines and Alaska, but not in small towns. The latter type—known to military men as 'biting posts'—were established years ago and small towns have grown up around them."

"These posts also are one of the principal causes of desertion. A recruit enlists because of visions about how grand it is to be a soldier. On arriving at some post, however, he finds he must be a carpenter, a gardener, or a telephone operator. At some stations half of the men are employed in this way rather than occupying their time in learning to be soldiers."

"Instead of useless military posts, the army should be divided into large divisions, located at large central points. There are only 3,000 infantry men along the Pacific coast, where the present situation demands that a strong force be concentrated."

"At the Golden Gate there are enough coast defense guns to blow all the warships of the world out of the water. Yet, Japan, if she wanted to could capture every town along the coast, without a shot being fired, from Seattle to San Diego. All she would have to do would be to land her troops at some unprotected point and march."

"If the trouble in Mexico, on our own frontier, had necessitated our men getting into action, we could not mobilize a full division there within a month. Even Mexico could teach us a severe lesson."

"The war department, however, has recognized the inefficiency of the army, and is taking steps to make it the situation our navy is getting to be."

Waste of Death Is Greatly Lessened



IT is like stopping the waste of life in a great war. It is equivalent to warding off death 6,750 times every month, 1,687 every week, 241 times a day. It averts ten deaths every hour, one every six minutes day and night from one year's end to the next.

If the economic value of the lives saved by lowering the death rate in the United States—the result of better and more careful living—is placed at no more than an average of \$1,000 apiece, the effect of cutting down the mortality \$1,000 in a year is much the same as preventing the waste of \$1,000,000,000 dealing with this great economy in human life on the hardest and narrowest industrial and commercial basis.

The gradual change for the better in respect to saving life and warding off death is not confined to the United States. It is going on in other countries, also. Throughout the civilized world, there is a general change for the better in the conditions of living and in the chances for life itself. The conservation of human life is one of the greatest interests and one of the best signs of the times.

Soldier Serves His Country 56 Years



Atlantic. On Governor's Island he married and raised his family, and, looking northward from his island home, Robertson has seen the skies over Manhattan rise with the fires of the draft riots and watched the transports which in later days sailed out laden with troops for distant possessions of the United States. He has seen the island upon which he lived grow from the small, unwarmed spot which it was when he enlisted to the great military depot which it now is.

Without Introduction

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Channing escaped from the ballroom with a sigh of relief and wandered aimlessly down the softly lighted corridor. The alluring strains of waltz music arose above the slip of feet on the polished floor and the rustle of silks and satins.

The ballroom provided so many cozy anterooms for quiet talk or flirtation, that the corridor was quite deserted. At the farther end, Channing paused abruptly before a narrow doorway hung with dark velvet. A faint pencil of light shot from between the hangings and from the opening the music of the orchestra came softly.

He pushed the curtains aside and, peering up a winding stairway, stepped into a small balcony overlooking the ballroom. Behind a high bank of palms and oleanders he was screened from the throng below.

Channing looked down on the moving, shimmering crowd below, now and then picking out a familiar form as it whirled along. His hostess, Mrs. Bowring, splendid in violet brocade, was dancing with Ellery Bee. The diamonds in her white hair sparkled with a thousand points of flame as she nodded and smiled. Her daughter, Evelyn and Florence, fashionable prototypes of light, fashionable mother, waited their way under his vision, flashing and sparkling and very gorgeous as to raiment.

It was not until he looked about for a chair that Howard Channing discovered that he was not alone. Sitting among the oleanders, looking wistfully down into the room below, was a girl, slender and graceful and very lovely, with softly tinted cheeks cupped in her slender white hands. Her gown was of some soft green stuff that melted into the foliage of the oleanders and palms. It was no wonder she had been undiscovered until now.

At the same moment she looked up and saw him, and a wave of crimson swept her face from brow to chin. The wide brown eyes had a frightened look, and Channing saw that she was young.

"I am afraid I startled you," he said courteously. "I did not see you—I thought I was quite alone."

"I did not hear you come in," she said in a low, embarrassed voice. "It did not occur to me that any one might come here. You need not leave—I shall go away presently."

"It is your retreat by right of prior occupancy," he said with one of his rare smiles. "I came to get away from the crowd." He found a chair and seated himself behind the green screen.

The girl turned her small, well-poised head away from him and resumed her observation of the dancers. Channing watched her charming profile, marveling that one so young and so beautiful should voluntarily become an exile from the gay scene below.

"Pardon me, but I am sure you are one of Mrs. Bowring's daughters," he ventured to say after many minutes had passed. "I am Howard Channing."

She turned quickly. "I knew that—I recognized you at once." She colored adorably at his surprised glance.

"You are very good," he said puzzled. "I know I could not have forgotten you if we had met."

"We have met—I have seen your picture," she confessed. "Mother has so many photographs, and Florence has told me all about the originals—that is how I knew you."

"Then you are Mrs. Bowring's daughter?" he asked once more.

The girl nodded, with a little friendly smile that went straight to Channing's hitherto impassive heart. "I am Nan—the youngest, and not so very young at that! I'm not out yet, you see, so I simply have to steal these little pleasures. Mother would not hear of my watching the ball from this balcony. After it had begun, I just slipped on one of Evelyn's gowns. I had to have a green one so I might not be discovered. I suppose you think I am very deceitful."

Channing was thinking at that moment several highly important things. One was that he was glad that he had come to the Bowring ball; another, that he had stolen away to the balcony, and again he was thinking that Nan herself looked very much like a pink oleander blossom set in the foliage of her dark green gown.

"Now that you are here, you may as well enjoy the ball," he said hurriedly. "Next to the dancing one enjoys something good to eat. At least I do."

"I don't have many opportunities to do so," said Nan mischievously; "but, of course, you know school girls are always hungry, and I

know the supper is to be delicious to-night."

"We will have our share," said Channing decidedly. "I will return in a few minutes, if you will wait." He was gone then, and Nan looked after his tall form with growing admiration. For several years she had been familiar with Howard Channing's name. She knew that of all the eligible men her clever mother had in mind as possible husbands for Evelyn and Florence, Channing stood highest in Mrs. Bowring's esteem.

It was tedious waiting for the two older girls to marry and make way for her own appearance on the social stage. She was twenty now, yet Mrs. Bowring had postponed the coming out of her youngest and most beautiful daughter until another season.

Once or twice before this Nan had watched a similar scene in the ballroom, but the meeting with Howard Channing made the present occasion one not to be forgotten. The music seemed sweeter than she had ever heard it before, the lights were more alluring, the scent of flowers more exquisite, and somehow she did not seem to care whether she ever came out "officially" or not. Tonight she lived for the first time.

Once more the hangings were parted and Channing entered, bearing a carefully prepared tray.

"Supper is being served now," he said gayly.

Channing set the tray carefully between them on another chair, and to the soft strains of a solitary harp in the opposite balcony they ate their first meal together. Most of the dancers had adjourned to the supper room and they were quite alone in their retreat.

When the meal was concluded they felt like old friends. Channing told her of his youthful escapades, of his college days, and the busy present-day up and down in the street. Nan related a free, open-air life on her father's country estate and subsequent uneventful years in the schoolroom, followed by a European tour, accompanied by a stern German governess. Next year was to witness her formal coming-out.

"This is my real coming out party," she said prettily.

"I'm glad I came," smiled Channing.

"An uninvited guest!"

"An unwelcome one, perhaps?"

She blushed rosy and shook her head. Channing decided that her face was like the pinkest oleander blossom just above her dusky hair. "I am very glad you came to my party, Mr. Channing. I was feeling very dull and lonely. I am afraid I must go now. Mother would be so vexed if she knew—especially—"

She arose with sudden haste and turned toward the door. A recollection of what she had done—the conventions she had dared, seemed to assail her with sudden misgiving.

"Especially?" Channing had arisen also and was looking down at her from his six feet of confident strength. Nan was saved the trouble of answering his question, for just then her little fluttering hands went up to her heart with a frightened gesture as the curtains were parted and the majestic figure of Mrs. Bowring confronted them.

"Nancy!" she exclaimed sternly. "What are you doing here? And Mr. Channing—I do not understand." Her frown relaxed into a puzzled smile as her eyes met those of Howard Channing.

"Confession is good for the soul, Miss Nan," he suggested, with a comforting little laugh; "let us tell your mother about our adventure—I am sure she will forgive us."

Nan did so, her face suffused with charming blushes, and Mrs. Bowring, astute woman of the world, noted Channing's interest, and inwardly rejoiced. Forgiveness was merely a matter of words. She had granted Nan absolution at the first glimpse of Channing's face.

Nevertheless, she carried Nan off to bed, with an invitation to Channing to come and drink a cup of tea the next day.

As Nan followed her mother through the doorway, Channing holding back the curtain, leaned forward. "Especially—" he asked tenderly.

Nan reached back and plucked a pink oleander blossom from the tree. He held out his hand and she dropped the flower in it and was instantly gone.

And Channing wore the flower home and dreamed of the earliest day when he might come again and carry sweet Nancy off forever.

Just So!

"What's a good thing for a black eye?"

"A plausible explanation."

LOSES HAT IN RASH BET

When Village Undertaker Learns Prices of Women's Headwear He Pleads With Winner.

Sol M. Ireland, of Rye, who is village president and also village undertaker, has lost a hat in a rash bet with a woman, and has just learned what women's hats cost.

The undertaker was so certain that Senator J. Mayhew Walworth would not be re-nominated that he felt perfectly safe in betting on the proposition. He is a member of the School Board, and in an argument with one of the women teachers let his sporting spirit carry him too far.

"I'll bet you a hat Walworth isn't nominated," he said to the teacher, and the teacher said "I've got you" before Mr. Ireland had a chance to reconsider.

The winner informed Mr. Ireland yesterday that she was going to New York to buy the hat, and he at once began making discreet inquiries as to the depth of the hole into which he

had let himself. The village milliner told him a toque shouldn't run much above \$95, but a satin Charlotte Corday ought to set him back from \$125 to \$250.

At midnight Mr. Ireland was perspiring profusely and asking friends of the teacher to reach her by telephone and ask her to be reasonable.—New York Herald.

Miles Between Them.

Dr. Jones was the most famous of medical jokers. His coachman was a man named Miles, who had been with him for many years. Mr. Miles was the youngest of twelve. Said Dr. Jones one day:

"Miles, what a pity you never saw your eldest brother!"

"I did, once," said Miles.

"But you couldn't," replied the doctor.

"Why not?" queried Miles.

"Because," said the doctor, "there were always ten Miles between you."

RURAL DELIVERY BY POP POI

Kansas Mail Carrier More Than Cuts the Time for His Trip in Half.

Topeka, Kan.—It seems but a year or two since the first rural free delivery mail route was established in Kansas, and yet last week Elmer E. Stevenson, a carrier who made the first rural delivery from the Wellsville postoffice, completed his tenth year of service for Uncle Sam in this department. He is the only carrier in Franklin county who has carried for that length of time on the same route and he has besides the distinction of always having made his full mileage. Bad roads do not interfere with his deliveries nor do high waters in the creeks in the spring time keep him from carrying the mail.

For three years he has used a motorcycle when the weather will permit, which is the greater part of the year, thanks to a road dragging system which has materially improved the roads on his route. He leaves the post office at 7:30 each morning and when he can use his motorcycle covers the 25½ miles of his route in two hours and a half, although he frequently cuts this time to two hours, and even less. When he drives he makes the trip in five hours and his patrons on the end of the route get their morning paper in time to read it at dinner.

Mr. Stevenson lives on a tract of land adjoining the city limits. During the summer when he makes his trips on the motorcycle he uses his horses for farm work in the afternoon. Last summer he put up hay on a neighbor's farm and tended a field of corn and will have half enough corn to carry him through the winter. His motorcycle, too, does double duty. He fitted it up to furnish power to run the family washing machine. Occasionally he takes his children with him on the motorcycle.

ARE VALUED AT \$700 EACH

Birds of Paradise at the New York Zoo Are Worth Their Weight in Gold.

New York.—Birds worth more than their weight in gold are on exhibition in the Bronx zoological gardens. They are the only specimens of the greater bird of paradise ever brought into this country alive, and were captured by A. E. Clark, a noted hunter, who risked his life among the cannibals of Ara Island, off the coast of New Guinea, to fulfill his commission.

To scientists the bird is known as the "paradise apoda." It weighs only a pound and a quarter and every color of the rainbow is represented in its feathers.

On account of the habits of the bird it is extremely difficult to capture it alive. Only at moulting time is this possible. Mr. Clark spent two weary

months waiting for his opportunity. Then the males flock to what the natives call the "dancing tree." The natives disguised themselves with boughs and leaves until they resembled small trees and the daring hunter followed their example. He had set several snares and after a long wait finally succeeded in trapping three of the birds alive.

The zoo paid Mr. Clark \$700 apiece for the birds.

Sure to Be Rescued.

Young women missing from home described as one of the best cooks in town. There should be no trouble in finding searching parties to go in quest of a young woman with that record.—New York Herald.

THE CENSUS OF CANADA

ITS GROWTH IN TEN YEARS PAST.

A census of the Dominion of Canada will be made during 1911. It will show that during the past decade a remarkable development has taken place, and, when compared with the population, a greater percentage of increase in industries of all kinds than has ever been shown by any country. Commerce, mining, agriculture and railways have made a steady march onward. The population will be considerably over 8,000,000. Thousands of miles of railway lines have been constructed since the last census was taken ten years ago. This construction was made necessary by the opening up of the new agricultural districts in Western Canada, in which there have been pouring year after year an increasing number of settlers, until the present year will witness settlement of over 300,000, or a trifle less than one-third of the immigration to the United States during the same period with its 92,000,000 of population. Even with these hundreds of thousands of newcomers, the great majority of whom go upon the land, there is still available room for hundreds of thousands additional. The census figures will therefore show a great—vast—increase in the number of farms under occupation, as well as in the output of the farms. When the figures of the splendid immigration are added to the natural increase, the total will surprise even the most optimistic. To the excellent growth that the western portion of Canada will show may largely be attributed the commercial and industrial growth of the eastern portion of Canada. All Canada is being upbuilt, and in this transformation there is taking part the people from many countries, but only from those countries that produce the strong and vigorous. As some evidence of the growth of the western portion of Canada, in agricultural industry, it is instructive to point out that over 100,000 homesteads of 160 acres each have been transferred to actual settlers in the past two years. This means 16,000 square miles of territory, and then, when is added the 40,000 160-acre pre-emption blocks, there is an additional 10,000 square miles, or a total of 85,000 square miles—a territory as large as the State of Indiana, and settled within two years. Reduced to the producing capacity imperative on the cultivation restriction of 50 acres of cultivation on each 160-acre homestead within three years, there will be within a year and a half from now upwards of 5,000,000 additional acres from this one source added to the entire producing area of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In 1901, at the time of the last census of Canada, successful agriculture in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was an experiment to many. There were skeptics who could not believe that it was possible to grow wheat, forty and even fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, or that as high as one hundred and thirty bushels of oats to the acre could be grown. The skeptics are not to be found today. The evidence of the hundreds of thousands of farmers is too overwhelming. Not only have the lands of western Canada proven their worth in the matter of raising all the smaller field grains, but for mixed farming, and for cattle raising there is no better country anywhere. The climate is perfectly adapted to all these pursuits as well as admirable for health. The Dominion government literature, descriptive of the country, is what all that are interested should read. Send for a copy to the nearest Canadian government representative.

A Tripe Famine.

"I want to get two pounds of tripe," said the lady, entering the shop.

"Sorry, ma'am," replied the keeper, "but we haven't any tripe today."

"No tripe? Why, it's in season."

"No, ma'am, there's no tripe being shot just now."

"No tripe being shot? Why, what are you talking about?"

"I—oh, saying, ma'am, that the fisheries commission won't allow tripe to be caught now."

"Are you crazy, man? I don't want fish! I want tripe."

"Well, what in thunder is tripe, ma'am?"

"Why—why, I don't know just what it is, but if you haven't got any I'll try some other place."

He Knew.

A certain jurist was an enthusiastic golfer. Once he had occasion to interrogate in a criminal suit, a boy witness from Bala.

"Now, my lad," he said, "are you acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?"

The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered:

"Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"—Succes.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

PETIT'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak and watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Severe.

"I don't think there is an honest hair in his head."

"That's right. I believe he'd even cheat at checkers!"

In case of pain on the lungs Hamlin Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster, except that it is more effective and is so much nicer and cleaner to use.

Cause and Effect.

"He's a poet of passion, isn't he?"

"Yes! I've seen him fly into one when his verses were returned."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny, granules, easy to take. Don't gripe.

A girl who is truly modest doesn't feel called upon to blush when there is no occasion for it.

Buy Mrs. Aspin's Famous Breakfast Nourish, fine for breakfast, all grocers.

Why is it that a large woman always takes a small man seriously?